

*A booth at a Chinese restaurant, Williamson and Levene are seated at the booth.*

**Levene** John . . . John . . . John. Okay, John. John. Look: (Pause.) The Glengarry Highland's leads, you're sending Roma out. Fine. He's a good man. We know that he is. He's fine. All I'm saying, you look at the *board*, he's throwing . . . wait, wait, wait, he's throwing them *away*, he's throwing the leads away. All that I'm saying, that you're wasting leads. I don't want to tell you your *job*. All that I'm saying, things get *set*, I know they do, you get a certain *mindset* . . . A guy gets a reputation. We know how this . . . all I'm saying, put a *closer* on the job. There's more than one man for the . . . Put a . . . put a *proven man out* . . . and you watch, now *wait* a second – and you watch your *dollar* volumes . . . You start closing them for *fifty* 'stead of *twenty-five* . . . you put a *closer* on the . . .

**Williamson** Shelly, you blew the last . . .

**Levene** No, John. No. Let's wait, let's back up here, I did . . . will you please! Wait a second. Please. I didn't 'blow' them. No. I didn't 'blow' them. No. One kicked *out*, one I *closed* . . .

**Williamson** . . . you didn't close . . .

**Levene** . . . I, if you'd *listen* to me. Please. I *closed* the cocksucker. His 'ex', John, his *ex*, I didn't know he was married . . . he, the *judge* invalidated the . . .

**Williamson** Shelly . . .

**Levene** . . . and what is that, John? What? Bad *luck*. That's all it is. I pray in your *life* you will never find it runs in streaks. That's what it does, that's all it's doing. Streaks. I pray it misses you. That's all I want to say.

**Williamson** (pause) What about the other two?

**Levene** What two?

**Williamson** Four. You had four leads. One kicked out, one the *judge*, you say . . .

**Levene** . . . you want to see the court records? John? Eh? You want to go down . . .

**Williamson** . . . no . . .

**Levene** . . . do you want to go down-*town* . . . ?

**Williamson** . . . no . . .

**Levene** . . . then . . .

**Williamson** . . . I only . . .

**Levene** . . . then what is this 'you *say*' shit, what is that? (Pause.) What is that . . . ?

**Williamson** All that I'm saying . . .

**Levene** What is this 'you *say*'? A deal kicks out . . . I got to *eat*. *Shit*, Williamson . . . *Shit You*, Moss . . . Roma . . . look at the *sheets* . . . look at the *sheets*. Nineteen *eighty*, eighty-one . . . eighty-two . . . six months of eighty-two . . . who's there? Who's up there?

**Williamson** Roma.

**Levene** Under him?

**Williamson** Moss.

**Levene** Bullshit. John. Bullshit. April, September 1981. It's *me*. It isn't *fucking* Moss. Due respect, he's an *order* taker, John. He *talks*, he talks a good game, look at the *board*, and it's *me*, John, it's *me* . . .

**Williamson** Not lately it isn't.

- How does the interplay of dialogue in this scene create a sense of the two characters' thoughts and motivations?



**Roma** (to **Levene**) You were saying? (Pause.) Come on. Come on, you got them in the kitchen, you got the stats spread out, you're in your shirtsleeves, you can *smell* it. Huh? Snap out of it, you're eating her *crumb* cake.

Pause.

**Levene** I'm eating her *crumb* cake . . .

**Roma** . . . how was it . . . ?

**Levene** From the store.

**Roma** . . . fuck *her* . . .

**Levene** 'What we have to do is *admit* to ourself that we see that opportunity . . . and *take* it. (Pause.) And that's it.' And we *sit* there . . . (Pause.) I got the pen out . . .

**Roma** Always Be Closing . . .

**Levene** That's what I'm *saying*. The *old* ways . . . convert the mother fucker . . . *sell* him . . . *make him sign the check*. (Pause.) The . . . Bruce, Harriett . . . the kitchen, *blah*: They got their money in *government* bonds . . . I say *fuck* it, we're going to go the whole route. I plat it out eight units. Eighty-two grand. I tell them. 'This is now. This is that *thing* that you've been dreaming of, you're going to find that suitcase on the train, the guy comes in the door, the bag that's full of money. This is it, *Harriett* . . .'

**Roma** (reflectively) Harriett . . .

**Levene** Bruce . . . 'I don't want to fuck *around* with you. I don't want to go *round* this, and *pussyfoot* around the thing, you have to look back on this. I do, too. I came here to do good for you and me. For *both* of us. Why take an interim position? *The only arrangement I'll accept* is full investment. Period. The whole eight units. I know that you're saying "be safe", I know what you're saying. I know if I left you to yourself, you'd say "come back tomorrow" and when I walked out that door, you'd make a cup of *coffee* . . . you'd sit *down* . . . and you'd think "let's be safe . . ." and not to disappoint me you'd go *one* unit or maybe two, because you'd become scared because you'd met possibility. But this

won't do, and that's not the subject . . . 'Listen to this, I actually said this: 'That's not the subject of our *evening* together.' Now I handed them the pen. I held it in my hand. I turned the contract eight units eighty-two grand. 'Now I want you to sign.' (Pause.) I sat there. Five minutes. Then, I sat there, Ricky, *twenty-two minutes* by the kitchen *clock*. (Pause.) Twenty-two minutes by the kitchen *clock*. Not a word, not a *motion*. What am I thinking? 'My arm's getting tired'? *No*. I *did* it. Like in the *old* days, Ricky. Like I was taught . . . Like, like, like I *used* to do . . . I *did* it.

**Roma** Like you taught me . . .

**Levene** Bullshit, you're . . . No. That's raw . . . well, if I *did*, then I'm *glad* I *did*. I, *well*. I locked on them. All on them, nothing on me. All my thoughts are on them. I'm holding the last thought that I spoke: 'Now is the time.' (Pause.) They signed, Ricky. It was *great*. It was fucking great. It was like they wilted all at once. No *gesture* . . . nothing. Like together. They, I swear to God, they both kind of *imperceptibly slumped*. And he reaches and takes the pen and signs, he passes it to her, she signs. It was so fucking solemn. I just let it sit. I nod like this. I nod again. I grasp his hands. I shake his hands. I grasp *her* hands. I nod at her like this. 'Bruce . . . Harriett . . . ' I'm beaming at them. I'm nodding like this. I point back in the living-room, back to the sideboard. (Pause.) *I didn't fucking know there was a sideboard there!* He goes back, he brings us a drink. Little shotglasses. A pattern in 'em. And we toast. In silence.

Pause.

**Levene** . . . Ah fuck.

**Roma** That was a great sale, Shelly. Pause.

- How does Mamet's use of language give the audience a deeper insight into Levene's character at this point in the play?